

# G Unit

## G-Unit

Yeah, 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck  
G-G-G-Unit, hahaVacate your home, I come to break your bones  
America's nightmare, we at it again  
A desert eagle and a black mack 10  
And never know what happened  
When we come through, them cowards don't want none  
They screamin that they murderers but walkin' with no gunsCome here, nigga, dont wanna die where you're  
standin'  
See I'm holdin' on this cannon and your life I'm demandin'  
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement  
These niggaz is talkin', thinkin security gonna save em  
Nobody gon speak when homicide pay a visitLook you right in the eyes and tell ya, "We don't know who did it"  
Corrupted by street corner, by shootin' at the police  
The fiend's up all night and the neighbors gettin' no sleep  
You betta get used to it you know how we do it  
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-UnitWe got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-G-G-UnitNow I told ya'll on my first Dre joint, I am Loco  
Betta than so so, the games in the choke hold  
Diss me is a no no, I perfected the slow flow  
In D.C. they dance the gogo, in L.A.they ride on lolo'sG-Unit in the house, oh no, you ain't ready, it's heavy  
65 Chevy, old school rollin', I'm holdin'  
20 inches spinnin', from the beginnin' we winnin'  
Gains his masculinity pimpin', we not pretendin'  
Drop top glock cocked, ready for the drama  
Pistol's pop cop shot, I'm heavy with them llamasNon-stop, make it hot, we on top regardless  
You could be the hardest, we'll just be the smartest  
I warn you not to start us, we're not your average artists  
My bitch is like a goddess, when paparazzi spot us  
'Cause flick after flick, same ol' shit that I kick, hahaWe got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-G-G-UnitGuess who's back, mothafucker? Gun in the clip  
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they lip  
You can try any one of my shoes on, none of em fit  
Your hundreds are shorter, I'll tell your pops, his son is a daughter  
All I need is some cigars and a quarter a couple cars and a lawyerCondom packin' a bitch and I'll be back with a  
hit  
I'm that sick, who the hell you thought it was?  
I got expensive habits, I can't afford it 'cuz

G-Unit is poppin' and we performin' all the clubs  
Niggaz be shovin' and pushin', as someone is gooshin' surprise  
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion  
Sweatin' and screamin', suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'  
And now I'm leavin' on to the next city  
Stashbox in the bus so I can bring the techs with me  
I gotta go 'cause I'm gettin' older, you niggaz ain't gettin' over, G-Unit  
We got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, G-G-G-Unit  
Hot [Incomprehensible] niggaz

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